

THE  
MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1839.

No. 3.

NON-RESISTANCE.

WHAT is the meaning of the precept, "Resist not evil?" This question has lately received a very decided answer. It is said, that it forbids, not only all retaliation of irremediable injuries, but the seeking of just redress by peaceable means, and all attempts to prevent the infliction of evil on ourselves or others, even when those attempts do not endanger the life of the injurer; and, by a necessary consequence, all wars offensive and defensive;—and yet further, as all governments have professedly among their most important objects, the restraint of the evil passions of men, reparation of private injury, punishment of crime, and the maintenance of general order, all requiring the use of force, or implying the right and necessity of using it in the last resort,—therefore, it is asserted, all governments are forbidden by the precept quoted; and it is unlawful for a christian to resort to judicial tribunals, to hold any office of government himself, or assist by his vote in elect-

ing others. Those who hold these opinions formally renounce their allegiance to all human government, although, in accordance with their principle, they profess their intention of submitting with patience to its restraints and exactions as to all other injuries.

We think these opinions entitled to respectful consideration. We say this, not as making a gracious concession, but as rendering an act of simple justice called for by what we suppose to be the fact, that the community is almost wholly divided between those who embrace these opinions, and those who regard them with pity or contempt. We honour the single heartedness, though joined with what we conceive to be error, which follows out a right principle to its remotest consequences, because it sees no other principle which requires it to stop. If we could see no moral reason for stopping, we would go with them. Far rather would we be found in their ranks, than among those who condemn and ridicule them, because their opinions are new and unpopular, and involve difficult sacrifices. It is good that opinions of this character should be boldly uttered in a self-seeking age. They are proofs that disinterestedness and allegiance to great principles yet flourish among us. Their errors may be purged away, whilst the good spirit which informs them is retained. They furnish occasions for discussion, and for fixing sound opinions on solid foundations. It is our purpose at present to occupy a small corner only of the wide field of discussion which this subject opens.

What then, we ask again, is the true meaning of the precept above cited?—It is one of the plainest precepts of the New Testament, we may be told; why seek any other than the most obvious meaning?—We might answer, that it is not plainer than many other precepts, which nevertheless every rational reader limits and qualifies. The precept, "Lay not up for yourselves, treasures upon earth," for example, forbids all accumulation. The precept, "Labour not for the meat that perisheth" prohibits all provision for our most pressing necessities. The declaration, "if any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother and wife and children and

brethren and sisters, he cannot be my disciple," inculcates hatred towards nearest relations ; yet no one, we believe, has seriously attached such meanings to those words. The Gospel presupposes reason and conscience in those to whom its precepts are addressed. It utters its requisitions and injunctions subject to the interpretation of the moral sense and of common sense. It frequently speaks in strong and unqualified language, and leaves the necessary limitations to be made by every reader. And every reader makes them to some extent. The only question that can arise is, how far they ought to be made. It is a serious question, which, for ought we see, every individual must determine on his own responsibility. Let every one beware of taking counsel of his own passions and interests in this matter.

We think we discern sure grounds for fixing some limitations upon the precept "Resist not evil." We shall state them as briefly and plainly as we can, at the same time giving their full force to what we suppose will be the objections of those who differ from us. We remark, in the first place, that it is a duty to prevent or to remedy evil, whenever we can do so by the production of a less evil. I see a robber, or an angry man, about to inflict a severe injury upon the person or property of another ; and it is in my power by forcibly securing him, or by striking a blow which shall temporarily disable him, to prevent the evil ; is there any reason why the wrong doer shall have all my sympathy, and all the aid which my inaction would give him, and his victim have none of either ? Would it be loving my neighbour who is about to be injured, as myself, and doing to him as I might reasonably and justly wish him to do to me, to suffer him to be injured without interposing in his behalf ? And would it be a very unneighbourly act to the injurer, to prevent him from carrying his wicked purpose into execution ? The same reasoning would apply to a case in which a remedy of an evil already committed might be enforced. It is granted,—the advocates of absolute non-resistance may say,—that the remedy and prevention of evil are good and right, provided they be effected by right means. But

we must not do evil that good may come, and we maintain all force and violence against men to be morally wrong. It is no more begging the question, for us to say that all violence is not morally wrong, than for them to assert that it is, and accordingly we do deny this position of theirs. All that can make evil inflicted upon a man for the prevention or remedy of greater evil, morally wrong, is, the wrong feeling which may mingle with the motives which prompt it. That wrong feeling, liable as it is to exist, difficult as it may be to separate it from the motive of the act, is not essential to the act. The act may be performed with a single and pure desire of preventing or remedying evil, and then we say that it is no more morally wrong than the pain which the physician inflicts for the prevention or cure of a disease; nay, that it is an act of as pure benevolence. But, it may be farther said, we can never be sure, before the actual commission of an evil, that it will be committed, and consequently the evil done to prevent it may be wholly gratuitous. This argument, it appears to us, is addressed to timidity and morbid scrupulousness. This is not the only case in which we are obliged to determine questions of right and duty upon probabilities. Most of our practical moral judgments are made up upon contingences, and we may imagine the probability to be as strong in the case under consideration, as in any cases whatever. I may see an assassin approaching my neighbour in a manner which leaves no rational doubt that he intends to murder him. I may detect a thief in his house under circumstances which render it a moral certainty, that he means to steal. We can conceive of infinitely various degrees of probability in such cases. In each, a man must make the best judgment he can, and act under a feeling of responsibility, and with a caution, proportioned to the weight of the consequences which will ensue from a mistake; but we appeal to the universal reason and conscience, whether it be true, that no degree of probability can ever justify the smallest degree of force or restraint.

We have hitherto supposed the preventive or remedial evil to be less than the evil to be prevented or remedied. We may

go a step farther, and say that it may be justified, if it be not greater. I see a violent and unjust man about to inflict an injury upon my neighbour, and by the use of force or restraint equal, we will suppose, to the injury to be done, I may prevent it. Shall I interfere or not? Whether I act or whether I forbear, an equal amount of physical evil will be endured. All I can determine is on which party it shall fall. Does not the criminal purpose of the injurer determine the balance against him? Is it not better that the guilty should suffer than the innocent? Would not the example—the illustration thus given to the truth that the universal sense of mankind is against injustice, and will calmly and dispassionately put it down—would not such an example, tending to deter from the future commission of crime, incline the balance in favour of my interference? If I am told that it is not loving the injurer as myself, to use violence against him, may I not reply, with equal reason, that it is not loving the injured as myself to suffer the injury to be inflicted upon him? And may I not add, again, that it is in fact doing the injurer a kindness, to prevent him from consummating his intention?

The cases which have been thus far supposed are those of injuries to others. The same principles apply to evil done or threatened to ourselves. No just reason can be given, why we should do less for ourselves, in such cases, than it would be lawful for us to do for another. The principle in both cases is the same. The only difference is, that it is far more difficult to purify our motives from every feeling of anger, in our own case, than in another's. That feeling, however, is not necessary. We must seek the prevention and redress of our own injuries with the same scrupulous regard to equity, and with no greater or different emotion than we should feel in the case of parties who are entire strangers to us, and then we may lawfully seek them. Whether or not this is a more difficult state of soul to attain than the spirit of absolute non-resistance, we will not take upon ourselves to decide. This we believe to be the state of feeling required by the Gospel. If a man should say that he feels so hopeless of being able to redress his wrongs in this

spirit, that he thinks it safer not to undertake to redress them at all, than to run the risk of transgressing the line of right, we answer, that this rule of conduct, which he chooses to adopt, does not affect the general principle; that he must not forget, while he despairs of attaining the state of heart described, that if he could attain it, he would be at liberty to redress his own wrongs under the restrictions and limitations mentioned; and he must not assume that that state of heart is absolutely unattainable.

All which has now been said, may be said, we think, with yet greater confidence, of seeking redress of injuries through judicial tribunals. The law may, indeed, such is its imperfection as a human institution, be used as a means of oppression and extortion, and for the gratification of angry and revengeful passions. The man who dares so to use it, sins as grossly against the christian law of love, as he who commits open violence on the person or property of his neighbour. But, in general, it is much more easy to seek reparation of wrong without evil feelings, by the law, than by any other means. The man who resorts to the law, thereby renounces the decision and vindication of his own cause, and places it in the hands of an impartial and passionless umpire. He asks nothing more than strict justice. He virtually asks, indeed; that sentence may be rendered in favour of his adversary, if he is equitably entitled to it. Wicked passions, which may be carried into everything, may be carried into such an act as this; but we confidently ask, is the impossibility of resorting to public justice without wrong feelings in the heart, so universal and certain, as to furnish ground for an absolute prohibition of all such appeals? If it is, then, as we have heard it justly remarked, it is impossible to make a bargain without wrong feelings, and there must be an end of all commerce.

Probably the result of the deepest reflection on this subject would be, that the christian precepts are intended to forbid a wrong state of soul. This is the purpose of all the precepts of the Gospel. The holiness which they are designed to produce is a state of the soul. Outward acts are of value only

as they are exponents of that state. Good actions derive their character of goodness solely from this inward principle. The love of equity and justice, and the desire of seeing them carried into practice in all cases, are right and good sentiments. No soul is in a healthy moral state who has them not. They not only may, but must, be cherished. Revenge, the infliction of evil upon another, merely because he has done evil to us, when the evil inflicted has no effect to repair the evil received, is a selfish, degrading, wrong feeling. That, in itself, and in all its manifestations, whether rankling silently in the heart, or moving the arm to violence, is absolutely and totally forbidden. And that prohibition implies the prohibition of all such outward actions as can proceed only from the wrong feeling, and the prohibition of the wrong feeling in the performance of all such outward actions as would be innocent and right if done with a right motive. In other words it forbids altogether seeking more than just redress, and it forbids the indulgence of evil passions in the heart, whilst seeking even that.

We are aware that we have treated a very small portion of this extensive subject. We have done, however, all that we proposed at present. The precept of non-resistance is asserted to admit of no explanation, qualification or exception whatsoever. We have attempted to show, on grounds which to us seem sure, and strictly ethical, that some exceptions must be admitted. Some very important and difficult questions, remain untouched, such as the following: Is it our right to inflict a greater evil as a punishment of a less with a view of deterring others from the commission of it? Is any evil which one man can threaten another so great, and, at the same time can the actual perpetration of it be so certain, as to justify the infliction upon him of the indefinite evil of death, in order to prevent it? If it be ever lawful to take life, can any possible cases of defensive war be brought within the permitted limits? We are not prepared to enter upon these questions. We may perhaps be able to discuss them at some distant day.

## SELECTION.

FROM LETTERS TO MOTHERS, BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

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THERE is a subject, which, perhaps more than any other, is presented to children erroneously and injuriously. It is that of the exchange of worlds. They see it surrounded with every accompaniment of gloom. They may be told that the soul of the departed friend is in a happier world. But they witness bitter and uncontrollable mourning, and the evidence of their senses overpowers the lifeless precept. Fear of death takes possession of them, before they can comprehend the faith which looks beyond the coffin, the knell, and the tomb: so, that "all their life-time they are subject to bondage."

Christians err in not speaking to each other more frequently and familiarly of death. Teachers of youth, and mothers, should not hesitate to make it the theme of their discourse. And when they do so, let them divest their brow of gloom, and their tone of sadness. While they mingle it with solemnity, they should soften it from terror, lest they bow down the tender mind, like those heavy rains, which wash away the bloom of the unfolding flower.

I once attended a funeral in a remote village of Moravians. It was in the depth of summer. Every little garden put forth beauty, and every tree was heavy with fresh, cool verdure.

It was a Sabbath afternoon, when a dead infant was brought into the church. The children of the small congregation wished to sit near it, and fixed their eyes upon its placid brow, as on a fair piece of sculpture. The sermon of the clergyman was to them. It was a paternal address, humbling itself to



their simplicity, yet lofty, through the deep, sonorous tones of their native German. Earnestly and tenderly they listened, as he told them how the baby went from its mother's arms to those of the compassionate Redeemer. When the worship closed, and the procession was formed, the children, two and two, followed the mourners, leading each other by the hand, the little girls clothed in white.

The place of slumber for the dead, was near the church, where they had heard of Jesus. It was a green, beautiful knoll, on which the sun, drawing towards the west, lingered with a smile of blessing. The turf had the richness of velvet, not a weed or a straw defaced it. Every swelling mound was planted with flowers, and a kind of aromatic thyme, thickly clustering, and almost shutting over the small, horizontal tomb-stones, which recorded only the name and date of the deceased. In such a spot, so sweet, so lowly, so secluded, the clay might willingly wait its re-union with the spirit.

Before the corpse, walked the young men of the village, bearing instruments of music. They paused at the gate of the place of burial. Then a strain from voice and flute, rose, subdued and tremulous, like the strings of the wind-harp. It seemed as if a timid, yet prevailing suppliant, sought admission to the ancient city of the dead.

The gate unclosed. As they slowly wound around the gentle ascent, to the open grave, the Pastor, with solemn intonation, repeated passages from the Book of God. Thrilling, beyond expression, amid the silence of the living, and the slumber of the dead, were the blessed words of our Saviour, "I am the resurrection and the life."

He ceased, and all gathered round the brink of the pit. The little ones drew near, and looked downwards into its depths, sadly, but without fear. Then came a burst of music, swelling higher and higher, till it seemed no longer of earth. Methought it was the welcome in heaven, to the innocent spirit, the joy of angels over a new immortal, that had never sinned. Wrapped, as it were, in that glorious melody, the little body was let down to its narrow cell. And all grief,

even the parent's grief, was swallowed up, in that high triumph-strain. Devotion was there, giving back what it loved, to the God of love, not with tears, but with music. Faith was there, standing among flowers, and restoring a bud to the Giver, that it might bloom in a garden which could never fade.

Will those children ever forget the lesson learned at that infant's grave? When I looked on their sweet, serious faces, as they walked lovingly from the place of tombs, I thought they felt, what those of grey hairs are often "too slow of heart to believe," that in death, there is victory.

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#### MOTIVE.

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WE propose to consider three questions upon this subject:

I. How is the moral character of an action affected by its motive?

The seat of all moral worth is in the soul. There resides all true goodness. Goodness is a condition of the soul. It is purity of desire; rectitude of purpose; the direction of the affections in due degrees to right objects; the supremacy of conscience; the subjection of all the other internal principles and sentiments to the sense of right. Now the condition of a man's soul, whatever it may be, good or bad, will naturally show itself in his conduct. The ruling passion, the prevailing motive, will give a colouring to the actions and a tone to the conversation, and will betray itself in innumerable undesigned and unconscious words and deeds, as well as in more deliberate acts and formal expressions of sentiment and purpose. Thus if the heart

be deeply smitten with the beauty of holiness, that sentiment will be manifested in the holiness of the life. If conscience possess that supremacy which belongs to it in the soul, it will be seen in the uniform rectitude of the conduct. If there be within, a principle of love to man, which prompts to the promotion of others good, by all given means, by all possible exertion, and at every sacrifice of self, it will show itself in disinterested action. Good actions, then, are a natural expression of a right spirit. They are the fruit and sign of a good moving principle within. This consideration answers our question. The action derives its character from its motive, just as the sign derives all its value and meaning from the thing signified. The good action depends on the good motive for its moral existence. Without the good motive, the action would be worse than nothing ; it would be a practical lie, asserting the existence in the soul of that which is not there. Imagine a man who should imitate, with the utmost exactness, in his outward conduct, all the particulars of the religious life, merely for the purpose of appearing to men to be good ; the apparent goodness of such a man would be like a tree which has been cut off at its root and placed again, at a small depth, in the earth ; which would present to the eye a fair semblance of a tree, and might stand awhile in seeming beauty ; but it would be without root, without vitality, without a principle of growth ; a passing wind could overthrow it, or if it continued to stand, it would soon wither and decay. The reason why we approve of good actions in others, is, that we regard them as indications of right internal dispositions. The reason why we should rejoice, on a review of our own conduct, to find ourselves abounding in good works is, that we thus enjoy the most unequivocal assurance of the reality and power of our religious principles. However strong our emotions, we might well doubt their healthiness, if they produced no fruit ; and according to their depth and strength they will bring forth thirty, sixty, or an hundred fold.

II. What sort of motives, and what degree of purity and elevation of motive, are necessary to constitute an action good ?

The most obvious thought which occurs in reply to this question seems to us indisputably true ; namely, that in order that an act should be a moral or religious act, it should proceed from a moral or religious motive. A conformity of the outward conduct to the rule of virtue has, to a certain extent, its worldly uses. Sobriety and industry are essential to any great accumulation of earthly goods. A willingness to oblige others, and occasionally to sacrifice our interest to theirs, will be likely to receive a large overpayment from the reciprocal exercise of similar dispositions toward ourselves. And a certain degree of honesty is the best policy, for it furnishes a man with character, without which it is impossible to engage with advantage in the business of the world. We say a certain degree of honesty, for the common adage that "honesty is the best policy," is by no means necessarily and universally true, in the sense in which it is usually understood. It is true only of the prevalent worldly standard of honesty. A man who would follow out a high, true, Gospel conception of rectitude, may often find himself called on to make sacrifices of temporal interest for conscience sake. Now suppose a man to practice sobriety, industry, benevolence and honesty, for these purposes alone, and so far only as these purposes make them necessary, he might appear to others, and very possibly to himself also, to be a very moral man ; so prone are men to judge both of others and themselves by external conduct alone. But it is evident that he has acted no otherwise than he would, if there were no conscience, no God, no spiritual world. He has been moved by no impulse of a higher origin than earth and its interests. The higher parts of his nature, his moral and spiritual faculties, the exercise of which is virtue and religion, have not been called into action. How frequently such cases occur, it is no part of our present purpose to consider. We have stated a strong case the better to illustrate a general principle. It is probable that most men act from mixed motives. All that we say is, that an act which proceeds from no higher motives than those we have mentioned, cannot with propriety be called a moral act, and is precisely the degree

in which those motives mingle with the springs of action, is the moral value of the action diminished. It is the habitual and prevalent operation of right motives which entitles a man to be considered a good man.

Then again, there are certain social and disinterested affections, the natural fruits of which are beneficent actions towards others. There is, to take the strongest example of these, parental affection. The parent feels himself irresistibly impelled to provide for the comfort and happiness of his child. There are pity and sympathy, which urge men, often without any reflection, to succour the distresses of others. We sometimes hear the acts which proceed from these impulses extolled as high virtue, and sometimes vilified as mere notions of the natural man. What is the truth respecting them? It appears to us that they are not necessarily and in all cases morally good. They may be the result of a blind natural impulse, into which no moral or religious element enters. These affections, indeed, cannot thrive amidst corruption, sensuality and worldliness. Their existence, therefore, in strength and activity, is a favourable indication of character. But their moral worth depends on their being controlled and directed by conscience. Parental affection may lead to excessive indulgence, and prove injurious to its object in proportion to its strength. The benevolent affections may seek gratification at the expense of justice, or by an injudicious application of means, may do more harm than good. Consideration and moral principle are necessary to direct them to proper ends and restrain them within proper limits; to make them valuable, and to make them meritorious. These natural affections are a beautiful material, which should be the ornament and strength of the religious character; but in order to answer those ends, they must be wrought and shaped.

Among motives derived from religious considerations and from faith in a revelation, there are various degrees of purity and excellence. Of these we mention first, the fear of punishment. A man, we will suppose, has been leading a thoughtless and irreligious, or positively wicked life. Now, his conscience is

awakened. Some representation of the misery and woe which God has inseparably connected with sin, has reached his soul. He is aware of his danger, and is determined to escape it, by immediately renouncing sin, and following after goodness. He has no love of goodness for itself; on the contrary, the pursuit of it is irksome and disagreeable; but he is willing to submit to it, in order to avoid the greater evil that is set before him; and accordingly he begins faithfully to follow after righteousness, according as he is capable of conceiving it, and as far as this impulse will carry him. This is the lowest imaginable order of motive drawn from religious considerations. It is calculated to produce a cold, mechanical, stinted virtue. It serves better to restrain from evil, than to excite to good. There is nothing glowing and affectionate about it. It is not an expansive and improving principle.

Then there is the hope of reward. This leads a man still to regard goodness merely as a means to an ulterior end; to desire it as a price by which a future, distant good may be purchased. In this case, as in the preceding, goodness may seem very undesirable in itself, but its burden is more cheerfully borne, because hope is a more encouraging and invigorating principle than fear. Taken in connection with the idea that there are infinitely various degrees of reward, and that every endeavour will receive a corresponding recompense, it is a principle of improvement.

There is, in the third place, the love of goodness for its own sake; not as a means, but as an end; as an ultimate good;—the highest good of the soul; not merely in some distant hereafter, but now and forever. We would bring this principle of action distinctly before the minds of our readers. There is in man a capacity of so loving and desiring goodness. There is in man a principle of disinterestedness, a love of the perfect, and a desire of seeing it realized for its own sake. Its operation may be seen in many of the common affairs of life, as well as in the formation of the religious character. It is exemplified by the physician, when he becomes deeply interested in a case, and loses all thought of emolument and reputation, and cheerfully endures all labour and watchfulness, urged and sustained by a

single desire of seeing the case carried through to a successful result. It is seen in the lawyer, when his convictions and feelings have become thoroughly enlisted in his cause, and all inferior considerations are lost in one absorbing desire, for the establishment of right and truth. It is shown by the artist, when his imagination is teeming with forms of ideal beauty, which he burns to realize in marble or on canvass, and when he has produced them, is satisfied with the mere fact of having produced them, and would scorn the idea of wealth, considered as a mere recompense of his labour, and thinks not even of fame, in the satisfaction of contemplating a perfect work of his own creation. It is shown, in short, in every instance of professional enthusiasm; when, overlooking for a season the worldly uses of his profession, and forgetting the considerations of honour and profit, a man is inspired and carried forward by an earnest desire to see the purpose of that profession accomplished in the best possible manner. It is shown by any man who does his work more perfectly than any one could absolutely require him to perform it, or blame him for not performing it, or even know that he has performed it, merely to satisfy his own conception of the manner in which it ought to be done. We trust that the principle of which we speak will be recognised by the examples we have given. If so, it will be remembered, that the works which have been accomplished by it have ever been the most perfect; that when moved by it, the orator has been most eloquent, the artisan most skilful, the sculptor and the painter have produced the most beautiful specimens of their arts. This spirit has moved all the eminently great and good men that have fulfilled important missions in the world. It has animated the discoverers of new truths, who have spent their lives in explaining and defending those truths, and have endured every kind of obloquy and persecution for them, and have died for their sake, and have passed from earth with no other reward of their ministry but that which they found in their own souls. It has inspired martyrs, who have laid down their lives in torture, from a disinterested love of truth, and a desire to preserve it for those who should come after them. It has animated all who have ever lived and laboured for a good

cause, the benefits of which could be reaped only by a distant generation. There is then,—we assert on the strength of these facts,—there is in the soul of man a principle of disinterested action, a desire of perfection for its own sake. How natural, then, the application of this principle to the formation of religious character;—to the love of spiritual perfection, which is the highest order of perfection, and to the realising of it in our own souls. Jesus described and blessed this spirit, when he said, “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.” He himself gave utterance to this spirit, when he said, “My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work.” And this spirit did he most perfectly exemplify in his own life. He lived in toil and self sacrifice, amidst persecution and mockery, and died in torture and disgrace, for the sake of others. “For the joy that was set before him,” (not his own joy—the joy, the happiness, the spiritual good, of countless millions of our race, who were to be blessed by his Gospel) he endured the cross, despising the shame. He was moved by an earnest desire of seeing the great and glorious work of redemption perfected. We have said that the disinterested desire of perfection produces the highest and best results in the art or profession, in the exercise of which it is called forth. So does it produce the purest and most exalted religious character. When it has once gained possession of the soul, it acts with the constancy and power of an instinct or an appetite. It is an unceasing incentive to progress. From its very nature, it forbids the idea of rest on this side perfection.

When these three motives, the fear of punishment, the hope of reward, and the love of goodness for its own sake, are described, the questions are raised, can there be any true goodness but what is produced by the third? Are not the two first essentially selfish, and can selfish motives be the spring of any thing that deserves the name of goodness? These questions appear to us to be theoretical merely, and not practical. Whichever way they are determined, the course of right practice will, we think, remain the same. Had our moral and



religious natures always remained in their pure and natural state, had they never been perverted by habitual sin, the selfish motives of which we speak would never have had a place among the moving principles of our conduct ; we should always have remained susceptible of the influence of the highest motives by which we are capable of being actuated. The practice of sin makes us incapable of feeling the force of the highest and most disinterested of motives, and renders us, on our first return to virtue, proper subjects only of the lowest. Accordingly, when the soul has been enslaved to sin, and is converted from it, and is left to pursue its religious life unimpeded, the operation of these three motives marks three stages of its religious progress. The sinner awakes in alarm, and is urged on, in the first steps of his return to goodness, by fear, a low motive, but one which, in the degraded state in which his previous life has placed him, is best suited to influence him. But even the imperfect virtue which this impulse can produce, calms his fears and prepares him to contemplate the rewards which will crown his perseverance in goodness, and to admit the more genial influence of hope. He goes on, therefore, cheerfully submitting to the toil and self-denial of the religious life, in consideration of the future happiness which it will secure him. By and by, the practice of goodness becomes habitual, then easy, then delightful. His spiritual vision is purged, so that he now perceives the beauty of holiness. He feels that the recompense which he expected to follow it at a distance, is present with it ; that it is its own reward, that it is itself an inestimable good, and thenceforth he desires and pursues it for its own sake. Now suppose that the conduct which proceeds from the two first named motives is *not* goodness, still if they are steps which some men must take in their advance towards goodness, the best thing such persons can do at present, is to yield to these motives, and the sooner these steps are taken, the better. Suppose, on the other hand, conduct actuated by these motives is goodness, still, it is our duty to endeavour, as soon as possible, to rise above them to the highest and purest motives ; for it is as much our duty to strive

for progress in virtue, as it is to engage in the pursuit of it at all; and improvement consists, in a great measure, in the increasing purity and elevation of the motives. To every man, then, in every religious condition, we would say, be thankful to lay hold on any motive that can draw you out of sin, or help you in your religious course. The best thing you can do, for the time, is to use it. Use it then, without troubling yourself to determine its exact place in the moral scale. At the same time watch your own heart; discern the first moment when it becomes susceptible of the influence of a higher motive; and delay not to admit and secure to it such an influence. This thought brings us to our third and last question which we must treat with great brevity.

III. What command have we over our motives? Can we make them purer? And by what means?

We have no inconsiderable command over our motives. It is true, we have not the same control over our feelings, that we have over our actions. We cannot, by an act of our wills, determine that we will feel in a particular manner, as we can determine that we will act in a particular manner. But still our feelings are much more under our direction, and we are much more accountable for their character, than we are apt to imagine. Though we can not call them up at will, we can retain and encourage them when they do come up, and thus strengthen them and make them operative. Our souls are a deep mystery. What determines the direction which their unceasing flow of thought and emotion takes, we cannot know. But we do know that, from time to time, high thoughts and pure feelings rise up from the depths of the soul to its surface, as if on purpose to court our attention, and afford us an opportunity of improvement. We can detain them; we can dwell upon them; we can pursue the course of action which they point out; then they will be more likely to come again, and to come often. Moreover, we can take pains to maintain that state of mind to which they most commonly manifest themselves. We can strive to keep ourselves pure from polluting pleasures and distracting cares. We can prepare

ourselves for the reception of holier influences, and the practice of a higher course of duty, by faithfully following the influences and the light which we have already received. We can secure to ourselves seasons of retirement, meditation and prayer. If we will earnestly do all in this matter which depends on ourselves, we need not fear that abundant opportunities will not be granted. The Gospel affords a peculiar aid to the development and cultivation of the love of goodness for its own sake, in the character of Jesus. We may resort freely to that aid. We should endeavour by the study and contemplation of that character to form a high conception of it; to enter deeply into its spirit. A right understanding of it will fill our souls with a sense of the beauty, the desirableness, the priceless worth, the unutterable good of holiness; and it will kindle a desire of reproducing that character in our own souls; of forming Christ within us.

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## SELECTION.

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THERE is a twofold peace. The first is negative. It is relief from disquiet and corroding care. It is repose after conflict and storms. But there is another and a higher peace to which this is but the prelude, a 'peace of God which passeth all understanding,' and properly called 'the kingdom of heaven within us.' This state is any thing but negative. It is the highest and most strenuous action of the soul, but an entirely harmonious action, in which all our powers and affections are blended in a beautiful proportion, and sustain and perfect one another. It is more than silence after storms. It is as the concord of all melodious sounds. Has the reader never known a season, when, in the fullest flow of thought and feeling, in the universal action of the soul, an inward calm, profound as midnight silence, yet bright as the still summer noon, full of

joy, but unbroken by one throb of tumultuous passion, has been breathed through his spirit, and given him a glimpse and presage of the serenity of a happier world? Of this character is the peace of religion. It is a conscious harmony with God and the creation, an alliance of love with all beings, a sympathy with all that is pure and happy, a surrender of every separate will and interest, a participation of the spirit and life of the universe, an entire concord of purpose with its Infinite Original.—*Channing*.

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#### RE-UNION IN HEAVEN.

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How short is the earthly history of a family. A few years, and those who are now embraced in a family circle will be scattered. The children, now the objects of tender solicitude, will have grown up and gone forth to their respective stations in the world. A few years more, and children and parents will have passed from this earthly stage. Their name will be no longer heard in their present dwelling. Their domestic loves and anxieties, happiness and sorrows will be a lost and forgotten history. Every heart in which it was written will be mouldering in the dust. And is this all? Is this the whole satisfaction which is provided for some of the strongest feelings of our hearts? If it be, how shall we dare pour forth our affections on objects so fleeting? How can such transitory beings, with whom our connection is so brief, engage all the love we are capable of feeling? Why should not our feelings toward them be as feeble and unsatisfying as they? But, blessed be God, this is not all. Of this he has given us perfect assurance in the Gospel of his Son. Though to the eye of unenlightened nature the ties of domestic love seem scattered into dust, the spiritual eye of faith perceives that they have been loosened on earth, only to be resumed, under far happier

circumstances, in the regions of everlasting love and bliss. Though the history of a family may seem to be forgotten, when the last member of it is laid in the grave, the memory of it still lives in immortal souls, and when the circle is wholly dissolved on earth, it is again completed in Heaven.

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HYMN FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

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We rear not a Temple like Judah's of old,  
Whose portals were marble, whose vaultings were gold;  
No incense is lighted, no victims are slain,  
No monarch kneels praying to hallow the fane.

But simple and lowly the walls that we raise,  
And humble our pomp of procession and praise;  
Where the heart is the altar whence incense shall roll,  
And Jesus the king who shall pray for the soul.

Oh Father, come in! But not in the cloud,  
Which filled the bright courts where thy chosen ones bowed;  
But come in that spirit of glory and grace,  
Which beams on the soul and illumines the race.

Oh come in the power of thy life-giving Word,  
And reveal to each heart its Redeemer and Lord,  
Till Faith bring the peace to the penitent given,  
And love fill the air with the fragrance of Heaven.

The splendours of Zion have long passed away,  
And soon shall our frailer erection decay;  
But the souls that are builded in worship and love,  
Shall be temples to God everlasting above.

E. N. T.

## SCRIPTURE IMAGERY.

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ONE of the most striking features of the several books of the Old and New Scriptures, is the fragmentary character of their composition. Not that it is meant, in saying this, to deny that there is a *unity* in the Scriptures. There is such a unity. From Genesis to Revelation, are presented to us the successive steps of a great movement of Providence, steadily proceeding to the result which has been aimed at from eternity. The principal points in this history are,—the creation of the world and man; his fall from a state of innocence, and the introduction of sin into the world; the flood and re-peopling of the earth; the choice of a particular family from which grew a wonderful nation, and the series of remarkable providences that accompanied that nation; the coming of the Messiah, and the introduction through him of a new dispensation of truth and righteousness; his death and resurrection; the progress of his truth in the world; the final judgment, and the consequent accomplishment of all God's moral purposes. These are the chief points in the great world Epic; and to a spiritually imaginative mind, the Scriptures, thus viewed, present a sublime unity. But of this unity the greater part of the writers of Scripture could not have been conscious. The Bible is a collection of books, written by different persons, in far separated periods of time, and in various countries. Each of the writers contributed his portion to a grand whole. The author of the apocalypse closed the canon, and he alone enjoyed a full idea of the unity which he completed. His mind not only saw the result of successive providences, the fulfilment of prophecies, the issue of Christ's manifestation and mission; but he was permitted to look

forward into the future ; to trace the progress and triumphs of the Gospel in the world, over powers and principalities. And to complete his vision, the secrets of the eternal world were disclosed ;—the consummation of all things ; sin and death and hell vanquished ; Christ, crowned with a diadem of stars, and seated upon his throne.

But notwithstanding this essential unity which belongs to the Scriptures, the writers of the several books are remarkable for a fragmentary style. They were in fact contributing to a grand scheme, but each did his part unconsciously. They are not distinguished for philosophical unity in their thoughts and composition. They do not think consecutively, with a view to any system. They are not philosophers, but seers. They look this way and that, before and after, and behold images, and they make report of what they see. Or they write from the midst of life's experience ; when pain is acutely felt, or when care is pressing, or when temptation is besetting the path, they speak what *they* feel, what all human beings must feel under the same circumstances.

The habit of mind of the sacred writers being not so much *thought*, as *vision* and *experience*, it was to have been expected that their style should abound in lively imagery. The Scriptures are not remarkable for thoughts, disposed in philosophical order, bound together by the chains of a strict logic, growing out of and suggested by, or accumulated upon each the other, forming a regular series of steps by which the mind of the reader is led gradually up to the summit of conviction or sentiment to which the writer had previously carried himself. But we find in the sacred writings detached pictures of life and duty and destiny. Dreams and allegories, fables and parables, metaphors, and more commonly comparisons and similitudes, are of constant recurrence. Nothing is discoursed of in the abstract, but every thing is conceived of and presented under sensible images, and by the aid of symbols and other figures. It is essential, therefore, to a right understanding of the sacred writings that the scripture imagery should be explained. And one method that may be used to explain this imagery is to amplify it ; so to continue

and expand the figures, as to break up the old associations which have been connected in the reader's mind with particular phrases and passages of the Bible, and restore to them their original meaning.

As an illustration of the remarks which have been made the following attempt is offered, which may be called

#### THE HISTORY OF THE DIVINE WORD.

"In the beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." As yet nothing had been created. The Self-existent alone was. He had not yet manifested his Divine Attributes in the only modes of which our minds can form conceptions. Order was not yet established. Gigantic confusion spread all around. The rude masses of materials lay scattered upon which the Divine Power and Wisdom and Love were to be exercised and impressed, and through which they were to be signified. "Without form and void" was the chaotic state. The waves of a dismal sea rolled and tumbled in profound Night; "darkness was upon the face of the deep."

Then it was that the Divine Power was put forth and exerted. "The spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Then the Word first spake: "Let there be light, and there was light." All things sprung into being at its bidding. The order of nature was appointed; its beneficent laws ordained, its grateful vicissitudes determined. Animal constitutions were organized with appetites and passions to enjoy the bounty which had been so generously furnished. And last of all a being was created having a more excellent nature, a spiritual animal, gifted with various faculties and affections; possessing, in addition to appetites and passions, the higher endowments of reason, faith, devotional sentiment, conscience,—for the supply of which wants life was designed to afford a delicate species of aliment. This was the crown of God's works;—and here is the first stage in the History of the Divine Word—Creation.

But the pair who had been created free moral agents abuse their freedom. They violate the commands of their Maker,



and become guilty. They saw no bodily shape in Eden looking on them with angry countenance. "They heard the *voice* of the Lord God;" and they "hid themselves," as if the Deity were some visible presence. It was as a *voice* only, that God made himself known, and from this they could not escape. This was the next stage in the history of the Divine Word—Conscience.

But with the rebukes and curses pronounced upon disobedience there was mingled a gracious assurance that the "seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head." And so to an upbraiding conscience was united a gracious Hope.

And men increased fast upon the face of the earth. Wickedness increased also, until at last so corrupt was the whole earth, that nothing but the baptism of a Deluge could purify it. Then the voice spake once more, and bade the righteous man flee to his ark for safety, until the waters should abate. And from him the waste places were repopled. As the new race increased, sin returned also, and multiplied amazingly. Men became addicted to idolatry. To remedy this radical evil, and to prepare a seed from which future harvests of intelligent faith and worship might spring, God saw fit to select a particular family, and to set them apart from the rest of mankind, with whom his truth should be repositied, and among whom his name should be held in honour. Unto Abram the word spake, and "called him from his country and kindred to a strange land." It was now a word of Election and Promise.

And the memory of that promise was kept sacred in the hearts of the Patriarch's children, and of his children's children. In Egypt, amidst the oppressions under which they groaned, the descendants of Abraham were not forgotten. The Divine Mind still entertained purposes of good towards his chosen. To Moses he revealed himself as a voice out of the blazing bush, and gave him his commission. The word was now—Deliverance—Liberty.

But hark ! what thunder-tones are heard from Sinai's top ! The awful word again speaks. It speaks now with authority. Its utterance is Law.

As long as the nation obeyed the Divine Law, they prospered. When they forgot its injunctions, and fell into idolatry, they suffered in their outward condition, and the word of the Lord came unto them by the mouths of Prophets, a word of rebuke and warning. And in seasons of national gloom and affliction, "how beautiful upon the mountains were the feet of them that brought good tidings, that published peace; that brought good tidings of good, that published salvation; that said unto Zion, thy God reigneth."

At length, "the fulness of time was come," and the "word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." As in the beginning of all things it spake and commanded light to arise out of darkness in the material world, so now it bids light arise for the soul, in the moral and spiritual world. No longer an invisible tenant of the air, it dwells now in the body, and speaks with a living tongue. Instead of taking an angelic or arch-angelic shape, through which to manifest itself to mortals, it was woman-born, and it spake to human sympathies from the midst of an intense human experience. Instead of being a dread voice speaking out of "blackness, and darkness, and tempest," proclaiming a covenant of works, uttering the sanctions and requisitions, of a Law, and demanding exact fulfilment, it was now a living wisdom, suggested by actual circumstances, applicable to real occasions, and intimately blended with human feelings, sufferings, temptations, and trials.

But the incarnation of the word continued only a short time. Having dwelt for a few years in a human form, it returned to its invisible state. And now, as the spirit of *truth*, which is to abide with men forever, it addresses itself to every mind, and works an unseen, mysterious influence upon the soul.

There remains to be accomplished one other, the last period in the History of the Divine Word. "For the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the grave, shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of condemnation." Judgment.

W. P. L.

## HOW TO SPEND A DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RECOLLECTIONS OF JOTHAM ANDERSON."

### CHAPTER II.

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THE sun was well risen before Mrs. Ellington and her two little ones were awake. They who know the weariness that attends the mother's daily cares and nightly watchings, will appreciate David's reasons for indulging the slumbers of his wife after he had broken his own. So did she; and being as energetic and conscientious in her sphere as he was in his, she found no difficulty in making all ready against his return from his morning's work. Accordingly the children were dressed, and the house in order and the breakfast prepared at the appointed season. "But why does not father come?" asked little Jemmy, who began to be impatient. The cause was evident enough when his mother looking up the road discovered him in earnest conference with John Smith; and while she waited, wondering at the lengthened talk, congratulated herself that he was not one of the race of husbands that are discomfited and soured by an overdone breakfast. "It's well that you are not like uncle Giles," were her first words to him as he entered, "or I should tremble to see you after breakfast had been kept waiting half an hour."

"I hope I never shall be such a fool as to be unhappy for such a cause," said David; "it's a comfort to have got above the luxuries that tempt to ill temper. As long as we indulge in no niceties that can be spoiled by waiting, we shall run little risk of spoiling our tempers."

"That's one of the blessings of being poor," said his wife.

"So it is, as long as we have enough ; and a man can always have enough if he will be content with what he has. Let us read the very chapter that tells us of this." And opening the Bible which lay ready for him on the breakfast table, he took Jemmy on his knee while Jane held the baby, and read the last chapter of the first epistle of Timothy. A few words of thanksgiving and prayer followed, and they seated themselves to their frugal and cheerful meal. How might thousands, who sat down that morning to their sumptuous tables, envy the happiness of that neat cottage, though they would wonder at and pity its poverty. When will men learn that the real gain is "godliness with contentment !"

"And after all," said David, as they sat deliberately discussing their decent repast,—for he used to say that rational creatures, who can talk, have a right to spend five minutes more at their meals than the hogs who can only eat—"after all, I am not sure that we should not be gainers by greater frugality. You may laugh, dear ; but soberly, if in the warm weather we should only drink water and eat cold bread, how much toil over the fire you would be saved. We should then need no fire. And this, besides saving your labor, would save fuel and sugar and coffee ;—so that by autumn I could afford to buy that book we want so much. And a good book is as well worth having as a cup of coffee."

"I don't mind the work, David," said his wife ; "so that my labouring over the fire is no reason ; but after all, as you say, I had rather spend half an hour in reading than in cooking. So that if you think it won't hurt our health, I should like to try it."

"Oh, if it hurts us, we can just go back to the old way. And if it agrees with us, we shall be able to procure some other indulgencies beyond the book. I declare I feel as if I was the richest man in the village already. I wonder how many of our neighbors feel as if they could afford to buy the Bridgewater Treatises."

"Uncle Giles will think you crazy."

"Aye,—and I believe neighbor Smith does already. By the way, I promised him a book this morning."

"A book!" exclaimed Jane, laughing; "a book for John Smith! Do you suppose he will read it?"

"Why perhaps not; but I do not despair of him; his case is not hopeless; and if he can only be excited in the right way he may come to something yet. He is free to talk and willing to listen,—that's something."

"Something, to be sure, but very little to put in the scale against long habits of indolence and self-indulgence."

"But his conscience is not dead," said David, "and he sees that he is going behind hand, and it is a good moment to try to help him up. So I must not forget the book."

"What is it?" asked Jane.

"Self-Culture. He sneered at the idea of men like us trying to study, and I thought this would set him right. So let me have it, and go. And as I have lost nearly an hour this morning, let me have some bread and cheese for dinner, that I may stay at noon and make up for it."

Away trudged he accordingly; and his wife having cleared away the room, drew forth her morning's work. A pleasant sight it would have been to peep in and watch her that morning,—and it was not very different from all her mornings. There she sat at the table, at work on a suit of clothes for her husband; the Bible lay open beside her, as I have often seen it in the abodes of humble life, and she cast her eyes upon it from time to time to imbibe a verse that might direct and cheer her thoughts. The children were on the floor, frequently claiming her attention, and calling for the exercise of her ingenuity to prevent them from interrupting her employment. Till at length, wearied out with their play, they both fell into a long sleep, and the happy mother sat watching their cradle and working and thinking,—as full of enjoyment as if there were neither want nor sorrow in the world. How blessed is the lot of a well governed contented mind in a vigorous and healthful body! The pampered and self-indulgent know not

the latter, and therefore are strangers to the former. *Godliness with contentment is great gain.*

Meanwhile David was as busy and as happy amidst his task at the unfinished house ;—not able indeed, like his wife, to catch glances at a book every moment or two, but occupied with a quiet train of pleasant thought which realized the expression in a favorite hymn of Doddridge which he was fond of singing as he worked ;—

“ And while the world our *hands* employs,  
Our *hearts* are THINE alone.”

He had no idea that it could be necessary to confine down his mind to the mechanical work before him ; he cultivated the habit of thinking ; he was accustomed to say, “ My definition of a right man is a man perpetually *thoughtful*. Ruin begins in the neglect of the thoughts.” Thus in fact his hours of labour were hours of study ; for his mind was busy on the subjects of his reading, and he made himself more thoroughly their master by reflection. Not only so, but he availed himself of every leisure moment to add to his stock another fact or a new idea, from some volume which he carried always in his pocket. And now accordingly, when noon arrived, and toil ceased, and his fellows went away to their dinners, he first refreshed himself with his frugal fare, threw himself for a time at full length on the boards in complete repose, and then taking his book occupied in reading the half hour that remained before his companions returned.

So passed on the laborious and tranquil day,—every moment turned to good account, and the mind provided for no less than the body. So its hours rolled away, till the descending sun gave token of the coming night, and brought the season of labour to a close. One is almost ready to pronounce it the happiest hour of the twenty-four, when the setting sun sheds his parting beams over the earth. There is a peculiar serenity and sweetness in the very air. The last chirping of the birds and the lowing of the returning cattle, fill it with the very spirit of contentment. The weary labourer moves homeward

amid the lengthening shadows to his waiting wife and children, throws off his burden, and enjoys the exquisite repose of love with those that are dear. The evening twilight imparts a beauty indescribable to the sky and to the earth ; but it is the association with labour finished and families meeting, which gives to that hour its most affecting charm. To what thousands of our race does it bring the solace, their only daily solace, of a few short hours of rest and love.

David felt all this as he walked homeward to the cottage, which contained for him a welcome, such as only an equal affection could offer to the highest and proudest ; an affection without which the palace is a desert, and with which the peasant is more than a prince. No one that could look into his heart at that moment, beating as it was with contentment, love and devotion, could doubt that the greatness and riches of the world are dross in comparison with the kingdom of the inner man. And as he sat by the side of his wife and little ones at the neat repast, while the sun threw in his last smiling rays upon the cheerful group, one would almost doubt whether it could be a fallen world, or whether the bower of Eden overshadowed more simplicity and peace.

"You have just missed of seeing uncle Giles," said his wife ; "he has been here this hour, and hardly left when you came in."

David expressed his regret, and asked why she had not detained him to tea. "Oh," said Jane, "it was in vain to ask him ; I fancy that we are a great deal too sober and frugal for him ; he thinks us very mean and wretched, you may depend upon it."

This was true enough ; uncle Giles was one of those persons who measure manliness and generosity by the freedom with which men spend upon themselves. To keep a good table and make a respectable show in dress, is spirited and noble ; to practice frugality and self-denial, no matter for what cause, is mean and stingy. There are a great many persons of this class,—persons, who will make any sacrifice of real comfort for appearance sake, but who wonder with infinite amazement

at the man who will sacrifice any appearance for the sake of a moral or intellectual good. To such an one, a character like David Ellington is a complete puzzle. Uncle Giles knew that he was a sensible and kind man, and a good workman; all the more strange that he should have such out-of-the-way notions about living. He really and sadly thought his niece to be an object of commiseration, in having become the wife of a man below her in rank, who seemed to care nothing about rising in the world, who was content with a one story house, and esteemed books and knowledge more than riches or enjoyment. He had come to condole with her on her unfortunate condition; it seemed to him to be becoming worse and worse, and he would be glad to interfere, and bring about some change which should restore her to the position she occupied before her marriage. Jane could not help being amused at his unnecessary sympathy while she appreciated his affection. "Indeed, uncle," said she, "you mistake the matter entirely; I never was so happy in my life. It seems to me that I have got into Paradise before my time, life is so easy and joyful to me. There is not a thing that I could alter for the better."

"Ah, Jane," he replied, with an incredulous shake of the head, "you young wives will say anything, rather than have it suspected that your marriage disappoints you. But I am sure you may trust your old uncle. And don't I see with my own eyes? Are you not mewed up here, all the day long, working and drudging, and just to scrape along, because your husband chooses to spend all his earnings on those trashy books and instruments? Don't I know that you have given up all the generous living that you were used to, and are deprived of almost the very essentials of a decent meal? And where are the pleasant parties, and the brisk dances? Instead of them, here you sit, poring over your methodistical books along with your methodistical husband, till I verily believe you will think it a sin to even smile on your baby."

"Aye, aye," said David, when his wife repeated to him this conversation, "so it is,—when men can do nothing else they contrive to affix an obnoxious name; and one is a



methodist and another an infidel, according to the effect they desire to produce or the ill feeling they wish to vent. How many good men have been sacrificed to this petty persecution. Not that I think," he continued, laughing at his own earnestness, "we are persecuted by your good uncle; but I could not help reflecting how this same self-satisfied ignorance in a wider sphere has occasioned half the sufferings of the church. If uncle Giles really *knew* how the case stands, he would not talk and feel so."

"So I told him," said Jane; "said I, you should come and see with your own eyes, and judge from actual observation. There are different *tastes*, you know; and our mode of life might not suit your taste, but so long as it suits ours, we may be very happy in it; and if you would but come and see how entirely happy we are, and how full of cheerfulness and fun even, you might still wonder at our taste, but you would no longer be uneasy about us."

"I heartily wish that he would do so," said David, "but I fear there would be little prospect of convincing him. He has lived too long in the habit of regarding superficial enjoyment as the chief good, to perceive any attractiveness in sober and mental pleasures."

"But it is not too late for him to be touched with juster notions of religion!"

"No, not too late; it is never too late, I suppose, strictly speaking. There is an infinite power in divine truth to overcome any heart, if rightly introduced to it. But the difficulty is to introduce it rightly to one who has always on principle resisted it, and who prides himself on having the most sensible and rational notions. How are you to get at him? He is impenetrable."

"True; he looks down upon us with a sort of self-complacent pity, as being in a delusion. He thinks that religion consists in going to meeting on Sunday, and keeping up a reputable appearance; any particular attention to it beyond this, he regards as downright fanaticism."

"And fanaticism is to be despised. Therefore it is that men of his class are among the most hopeless. I should much sooner expect to see John Smith a hearty and devoted christian. He is not hardened by the self-conceit of fancied attainment; he has never imagined himself a religious man. He may therefore be touched. And I do not mean to lose a speedy opportunity of continuing this morning's talk."

"But you must choose a better time for it than before breakfast. You spoiled his wife's temper for the whole day. She prides herself on her breakfast table too much to bear such a delay."

"Why, to be sure," said David, "it was rather unseasonable. And I have been thinking for other reasons that I must alter my plan a little. I am too much interrupted in my reading during the day; and now that the evenings are growing short, I think it will be best to do my studying before breakfast. Then I shall have the day for work, and nobody can interrupt that. I shall then be a man of leisure for my work," he added, while he removed from the table and began to romp with his children, "as Walter Scott was for his friends, after having done up his chapter before any body was stirring."

So this change of plan was settled. And after a hearty frolic with the little ones, the happy father composed himself to study, with a readiness of attention and avarice of time that even Bowditch hardly surpassed. The children were then quietly put to rest, and the cottage set in order, and the wife at length placed herself by his side, and he read to her aloud, and they talked of what they read, until the hour came for retiring. Then the day which began in praise was ended in prayer, and night and sleep sank down together, with a benediction of repose, on the simple-hearted, unambitious, and devoted pair.

TO A SUMMER CLOUD.

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Bright vision, I love thee. Those rolls  
Of clustered radiance are my soul's  
Most welcome influence : comest thou  
A sainted presence, and I bow,  
In luxury of reverence.  
Dilated on the blue immense,  
From nought out-springing, at thee gazed  
My boyhood, worshipping ; and raised  
Its thoughts thy mystery to scan ;—  
And sadly turned to play again.  
In thy dream-shadowings immersed,  
From coils of sense, my youth first burst,  
And learned to meditate, and live,  
And love. When aches this heart, or strive  
Mad purposes, myself I bend  
To thee, that dost thus kindly lend  
Thy ministry ; an instrument  
Of sweetest song, whose voice is blent  
With the hoarse forest's gloom ; so mild  
Thy lustre, and I am a child  
Once more. A love that never shone  
In woman's eye, pours from thy own,  
Most rapturously ; so pure thou art,  
And passionless. This mortal heart  
Thy beauty fills, and never breaks.

What art thou ? A wreath of snow flakes,  
Drifting from Heaven, this earth to bless  
With coolness, and with loveliness ;  
A home-lost ray from yonder star,  
Whose frozen light has strayed too far ;  
A spirit-bird, with white wings furled,  
That calmly eyes this troubled world ;

Pearl-garland of the air, that sweeps  
 In beauty round those azure deeps?  
 All this, and more. Out-shadowest thou  
 The soul, that pants, on Heaven's brow  
 To shine like thee; and dost portend  
 Immortal virtue, our soul's end.

Thou Light-embalmed Summer Cloud!  
 All shapes that haunt my holiest mood,  
 Are figured in thy depths of white.  
 There Beauty shines impearled in light;  
 There Holiness is robed for Heaven;  
 There smile's Content, from crazed Earth driven;  
 There Love with Purity reclines;  
 There Passion all its dross resigns,  
 And breathes the rapture of the sky.

Giving to thee my earnest eye,  
 As on my window leant my arm,  
 My spirit wrapt, a hidden charm  
 Comes on my being. I am not  
 What I was. Earth and sense fade out.  
 I am all soul, cloud-soul. To mine  
 Thy essence changeth, mine to thine;  
 Unflecked, transparent fulgency.  
 Immeasured depths beneath me lie.  
 And in the atmosphere, whose zone  
 About the Universe is thrown,  
 I float, like silence. Motionless,  
 Serene, and soft, my cloud-wings press  
 That ether. Through me stream the rays  
 Of the Eternal Light, whose blaze  
 Gives flame to suns and stars.—And now  
 Like thee, dissolving in the glow  
 That kindled thee, I melt away,  
 Submerged in that Eternal Ray.

Z.

May, 1839.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

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### NEW JUVENILE BOOKS.

1. CALEB IN THE COUNTRY ; A STORY FOR CHILDREN ; *By the Author of the Rollo Books.*
2. THE SCHOOL BOY ; OR A GUIDE FOR YOUTH TO TRUTH AND DUTY ; *By John S. C. Abbott.*
3. RICHES WITHOUT WINGS, OR THE CLEVELAND FAMILY ; *By Mrs. Seba Smith.*
4. ARTHUR LEE AND TOM PALMER ; OR THE SAILOR RECLAIMED.
5. SHANTY THE BLACKSMITH ; A TALE OF OTHER TIMES ; *By Mrs. Sherwood.*

So many books for children are now written, and so questionable are some of their merits, or rather unquestionable their demerits, that one could hardly render a better service than by a faithful examination and report upon all which appear. Yet it is a great task. And we have sometimes thought it would be well to have a standing committee appointed by some of our Associations or by the Berry Street Conference, whose duty it should be to attend particularly to this department, and dividing the labour among them, give to the public the results from time to time, in such a way that societies and parents would know what it was safe to procure for children, and what at least was to be avoided. Such a committee might be as useful as a Health Committee in times of sickness, or a committee of vigilance to catch rogues.

In our humble way we would attempt something occasionally in this important province. The books named by us now have recently appeared. Two of them bear a name which

with many passes for a recommendation—the name of *Abbott*. And true it is, few men have written better for young people and children than Jacob Abbott. But his books, like all others, are to be scrutinized. They are not of equal merit, nor all unexceptionable. The *Rollo* series, including six in all, are so well known now to need recommending here. They are deservedly popular. We have seen nothing in any of them that we would exclude. Still we must honestly say that we think the author might have made more of such ample and pleasant materials. There is sometimes an excess of mere boyish talk or play, without a point. And we cannot but marvel, while in one view of it we rejoice, that such books, containing so little even of the highest kind of moral teaching, should come from such a source and be so universally welcomed, when Miss Edgeworth's books, decidedly more moral, or rather leaving a more distinctly moral and more nearly religious impression, are viewed with suspicion by almost all of a certain religious cast, and by many entirely excluded.

It is the purpose of the book named first in our list and those that are to follow it, to aim higher in this respect. The author says in the preface:—

“Caleb, and the others of its family, will include also *religious* training, according to the evangelical views of christian truth which the author has been accustomed to entertain, and which he has inculcated in his more serious writings.”

There is nothing too “evangelical”—(for that is in danger of becoming a sectarian end)—for us, in this book. We might except a wish to modify one or two words, but we care not. The book is entertaining and instructive, and may be recommended to all.

*The School Boy* is by John Abbott, author of “*Mother at Home*,” “*Child at Home*,” &c. He is a different writer from his brother, but has made some excellent books; among which we would place high “*The Path of Peace*,” as remarkable for its close dealing with the slighted subject of

minor morals, and its righteous rebuke of those "little sins" in christians and professors, which deserve to be called anything but little. And it was something of the same kind that first attracted our attention in this book, now under notice. Not the rebuke of vices, however, in the present instance, so much as the commendation of virtues, and the high place given to the common virtues. And here we must quote.

"Does any boy ask, How am I to serve the Saviour? I reply, Be conscientious. Do you ask, How am I to secure God's favour in this world, and happiness in the world to come? I reply, Be conscientious. Let it be your settled principle always to try to do that which you think to be right.

"Sometimes young persons think they wish to be Christians, and to be prepared to die, and yet are perplexed to know just what they ought to do to become christians. The very first direction to be given is, in all things—conscientiously try to do that which is right.

"The boy who is self-willed, who is disobedient, who is idle, has certainly the *old heart* of unbelief. He is unrenewed. And until he has been born again, he can never enter heaven. If he should die in this state, he must perish forever.

"The boy who earnestly desires to know what his duty is, and tries to do it; who prays sincerely to God every morning and every evening, that he may be delivered from temptation, and be made holy; who studies diligently in school, because he thinks it will please God; who is respectful to his instructor, kind to his playmates, obedient to his parents, because he conscientiously desires to do his duty—that *boy* has a new heart; that boy has been born again; that boy is a christian.

"I have known many children who I had no doubt were christians, though they never knew the time when their hearts were changed.

"If I am to judge whether a boy is a christian, I wish to see how he conducts when playing a game of ball, or sliding down hill. Does he bear an insult patiently? Does he try to make peace on the play-ground? Does he, in the employments and pleasures of a boy, endeavour in all things to do that which his conscience tells him is right? These are the evidences of piety. They are among the strongest evidences which can be afforded. No other evidences are of any avail without these."

Such sentiments as these have so often been censured and

condemned, and they combine in our view so much of the true and the practical and the vital in religion, that we must be suffered to express our pleasure at meeting them in such a connexion. And yet we are not able to recommend the book that contains them. With much that is admirable, there are portions which we should hesitate to submit to any young and unreflecting or indiscriminating mind. Especially in the chapter on "Future Existence;" in which the school-boy is told to imagine himself hereafter, standing among "pirates, and murderers, and debauchees, the inmates of all dens of pollution, drunkards, blasphemers, and all who have passions violent and malignant"—to be his companions *forever*—while "afar off in the distance," he sees all the pure and happy, and among them discerns his *father and mother*, and yet feels that "with fiends for his companions, and endless woe for his portion, he is never more to see them." We cannot believe that such pictures will ever make a child better, and we have no disposition to try the experiment. To some boys and girls whom we know, of settled mind and quiet and cheerful faith, we should be inclined to give this book, for the great preponderance of good it contains; but from the mass, we should withhold it.

*Riches without wings* is a good book—a very good book—for children or adults, for the family or the school. We know not who Mrs. Seba Smith is, though we take it she is a real personage. But real or fictitious, if she can write as well as this, she can do good, and is called to do it. Let her throw rather less of common love and courtship into her stories—this is rather a blemish, than an objection in the present story—and she may use her pen profitably for others, if not for herself. The title of the book is remarkably happy, the whole thought is a good one, and the execution good.

*The Sailor Reclaimed* has been just published in Boston, and was written evidently for the benefit of the Bethel there, perhaps in connexion with the late Fair. It is a simple, probable, moving story of a young and fresh sailor-boy reclaiming an old sinner and helping him to become a happy



christian. Some scenes in the story, particularly the death and burial of a hardened but at last subdued seaman, convicted and wretched in death, are well drawn and will go to the hearts of all who read them. The best portion of the book is in the beginning, and it is not as well sustained as one would have expected, from the materials and the power of the writer. But it is a good thing decidedly, and no one need fear procuring it for his own children or a Sunday school.

*Shanty the Blacksmith* attracted us by its name and face, and as we had read nothing of Mrs. Sherwood for a long time, we sat down in a book-store and ran through it. But we did not buy it. And though we would by no means advise that no one should buy it, we yet would strongly advise that they read it first. For those who like that class of stories, it is very well worth its price and time. It is rather a large book, and aims at the highest religious impression. But gipsy stories, and those too which are wild and improbable, young novels in disguise, we do not relish. They are often entertaining, as is this, and quite harmless, as this is also. But for children we think there is better food provided, and enough of it. It is curious to think of Mrs. Sherwood writing such stories. It shows what power a good name has, especially an orthodox name, to carry anything through. Think of this Lady and her books, in comparison with certain countrywomen of our own, whose writings, of whatever character, would never find their way into a great proportion of the Sunday School libraries in the land ! H.

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THE MINISTRY AT LARGE. *Second Report addressed to the Committee of the Liverpool Domestic Mission Society, by their first Minister to the poor.* October, 1838.

WE have read this report by the Rev. J. Jones, with peculiar interest. It is cheering to see that in distant cities this good work is going so nobly on. That not only the rich but the

poor, have the Gospel preached to them. That there are men who will go among them—of high moral worth, sound judgment, and untiring industry—to exhort—to advise and reclaim. In every city throughout christendom there should be those who devote themselves to the poor, to sympathise with the afflicted, to enlighten the ignorant, to snatch from ruin the tempted.

We quote two passages from this report, which are interesting as the testimony of one who has had much personal experience among the poor.

“Let me observe,” says the writer of the report, “let me observe, to the honour of our common nature—and the glory of Him, who only knows its essence and its issues—that the instances I have witnessed of the kindness of the poor to one another, have been such as to convince me, that, do what you will with humanity, you cannot wholly quench the divine ray within it. I am not now speaking of those passing and easy kindnesses which cost no effort and demand no sacrifice, but of those which really required both exertion and self-denial, and which were wrought to all appearance, without the slightest expectation that they would ever become known beyond the spot which gave them birth. I speak of dangers encountered from infectious disorders; of nights passed in watching by the sick beds of those who had no claim of affinity and no power to reward; of arrears suffered to accumulate when there was no hope of their being discharged; of compassion shown to the orphan and the widow, to the destitute and the mind-stricken, which would have shed a lustre upon religion, had it been prompted by religious motives, but which in most instances is to be referred, I believe, to the active instincts of the heart, called by strong sympathy into unwonted but not unnatural life. I rejoice in bearing this imperfect testimony to the existence of that which clearly proves the possibility of extensive good being wrought among the lower orders of society, by those who have the time, the will, and the power, to call forth those imperishable instincts into less precarious and intermittent action.” p. 10.

In another part of the Report the writer adds:—

“I have never found a human being all evil. In the lowest and the worst, in the most brutalized and malevolent, I have found traces and seen proofs of something indestructibly good, hidden perhaps, but yet distinct and distinguishable, like honey in the cup of the poisonous flower. I have generally found,

also, that men are bad, when they are so, not from the agency of many vices, but of *one*. One single vice becomes the moving impulse of many. It throws the whole moral constitution off its balance. Reform the one false point, and the equilibrium of the whole is, in some measure, restored. The self-rectifying principle recovers its liberty of action. The disturbing influence is withdrawn, and the shaking magnet of duty again points more or less tremulously to its pole. In many instances, I have watched with the deepest interest the outward and visible signs of this interesting moral process." p. 14.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS. Among the new works which met our eye on the counters of the book shops, during the Anniversary week, were many of great interest. The "Works of Buckminster," in two neat volumes, 12mo. we were especially glad to see, and hail their appearance with hearty congratulation. It is long since his sermons were out of print; they are now put within the reach of all. Additions are made to the present edition, to the amount of nearly half a volume; among which are the very beautiful and affecting notices of Mr. Buckminster's character which appeared shortly after his death in the General Repository. Dr. Palfrey's Dudleian Lecture on Natural Religion, and Mr. Dewey's Sermon at the Dedication of the new Unitarian Church in New York, are among the welcome pamphlets of the day. Miss Sedgwick's "Means and Ends: or, Self-Training;" a very charming and useful book for young people. Mrs. Follen's "Poems," a handsome volume, filled with most pleasing productions of what may be called the social and domestic muse.

## INTELLIGENCE.

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**CONDITION OF THE JEWS.**—It is becoming evident in many quarters, that the hope which the Jews have always cherished of a final restoration to Palestine, is becoming more strong and vivid. It is manifested by the constantly increasing numbers of pilgrims to the Holy Land. Several thousand Jews in Russia and Poland have bound themselves by an oath to go as soon as possible to Jerusalem, and spend their time in fasting and praying unto the Lord, until he shall send the Messiah. The number of Jews in Palestine has increased wonderfully within a few years. Forty thousand are now there, where for years scarcely two thousand could be found. In all parts of the earth, the hope of a restoration to the Holy Land is warmly cherished.

"Already," says the London Quarterly Review, "some of the Jews assemble themselves on the eve of their Sabbath under the walls of Jerusalem, where the abomination of desolation still standeth, and chant in mournful melody the Lamentation of their Jeremiah, or sing, with something like a dawn of hope—

'Lord build—Lord build—  
Build Thy House speedily.  
In haste! in haste! Even in our days,  
Build Thy house speedily!'"

But a more interesting fact to us is the disposition of the Jews to listen to and examine the arguments of Christians in regard to the Messiah. Along the north coast of Africa, in Palestine and in Poland, the Christian Missionaries are visited by crowds of inquiring Jews. As a consequence of this more friendly intercourse between Jews and Gentiles, kinder feelings are entertained by the Jews towards their converted brethren. The amount of conversions from Judaism to Christianity has not been large, relatively to the actual numbers of Israel, yet large enough to encourage the hearts of Christians. Among the converts, several have become ministers of the Church of England; on the Continent we find many among the Lutheran and Reformed Clergy; there are three professors and two lecturers, formerly Jews, in the University of Breslau. A great part of the success in the conver-

sion of Jews is owing to the efforts of the various societies established in Europe for promoting Christianity among them, but especially to the London Society. This association has circulated in the last year, besides tracts, copies of the Pentateuchs and other works in great numbers, nearly 4000 copies of the Old Testament in Hebrew. It has twenty-three stations in Europe and the East; forty-nine missionaries and agents, twenty-four of whom are Jewish converts; and ten schools, two in London, and eight in the duchy of Posen.

This kind interest in the Jews has touched their hearts, and who can doubt that, if Christians, universally laying aside their cruel suspicions and jealousies, should treat the Jews as brethren, the restoration of the Israelites to the New Jerusalem, would be much hastened?

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SPIRIT OF CATHOLICISM.—A writer in the January number of the London Quarterly Review has undertaken to show, that plans are in contemplation to restore the Papal ascendancy in Europe. In confirmation of his views he has given an account of a difficulty which occurred between the King of Prussia and the Archbishop of Cologne. The archbishop was accused by the king of being guilty of open and repeated breaches of the laws of Prussia. "He attempted to destroy the University of Bonn, and to ruin the professors; he required candidates for orders to vow an unlimited obedience to himself and the pope, and he commanded the clergy to break the law respecting marriages between Catholics and Protestants." This law provides, that when Catholics and Protestants intermarry, the clergy shall not exact any promise respecting the education of the children in a particular religious profession, but shall leave the religion of the children to the determination of the parents. The archbishop, in direct violation of this law, instructed his clergy, "*never* to give the nuptial benediction, until a promise had first been made to educate all the children as Roman Catholics." The king was determined not to suffer the laws of his kingdom thus to be broken, and intimated to the archbishop that if he did not voluntarily resign, he should be removed from his office. He refuses to resign, appeals to the populace, and is applauded for his seditious conduct by the pope. In this approval of the archbishop's conduct by the pope, the writer in the Review thinks he sees the manifestation of a design which has been long in contemplation, to restore the Papal supremacy in Europe. Many things are mentioned as confirming his suspicions. Letters are given, in which measures are proposed for restoring the *Jesuits* to their former influence.

The writer's fears appear to be greatly excited, and he is perhaps extravagant in his opinions, but he has told some facts which deserve

notice. He has shown that an archbishop, under the old, Jesuitic plea of mental reservation, was guilty of falsehood and perjury, and was sustained by the pope. He has shown too that the old Catholic fears of freedom of thought and inquiry are still alive.

"Dr. Hermes, a Roman Catholic professor of divinity at the Prussian University of Bonn, a man known and honoured for his talents and learning, had given offence to the ultra-popish party by his method of treating the Romish theology. He had dared to prove that the Romish faith is agreeable to reason. The most learned, the most gifted and most popular Roman Catholic theologians were admirers of Hermes; but a bull was issued by the pope condemning the Hermesian doctrines, and students of divinity were forbidden to read the writings of Professor Hermes, or attend lectures, the doctrines of which were in conformity with these writings."

Facts like these show that the spirit of popery is by no means extinct, but that it only waits a favourable opportunity to manifest itself.

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In connexion with the preceding statements, we would give the following account, abridged from the *Christian Reformer*, of the conduct of a Catholic Bishop in France towards Count Montlosier, a pious, sincere Catholic, whose only crime was, that he had written a book against the Jesuits. Montlosier died December 9, 1838. Having been aware for some time that he was approaching death, he wished to make his dying confession according to the custom of the Catholic Church. The bishop refused to receive his confession, unless he would make a recantation of "whatever he might have written injurious to the doctrines, morality, or discipline of the church." Montlosier, knowing that he had never designed to injure the church, refused to make any such recantation. The bishop persisted in refusing the confession, and Montlosier, pained and grieved, said to his friends, "they have not allowed me to confess, but God is just, and I can dispense with their prayers thus refused. A cross will be raised over my tomb to prove that I have died in the Catholic faith. The poor women will cross themselves as they pass it, and their prayers will be all-sufficient." Montlosier's confession was finally received by a curate, but *Christian burial was denied him by the Bishop.*

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In a recent number of the English "*Eclectic Review*," a writer inquires how it happens that, while many volumes of sermons are printed, "not more than one in fifty is found to be from the pen of *Dissenting ministers*?" In reply to this there is one paragraph which we could not read without smiling; we quote it below; and if

our readers will change *Dissenter* into *Unitarian*, and *Churchman* into the *Orthodox*, they will perhaps smile too at seeing that it tells a truth which the writer did not intend.

"Another cause we have, probably, in the too general disposition of Churchmen to place the works of Dissenters under the ban of their Ecclesiastical circle, or in their conventional *Index Expurgatorius*; so that the fact of a volume of sermons being published by a Dissenter, would be of itself enough to bring upon it a sentence of proscription. We much fear, that at present it is deemed sound orthodox policy in many quarters, to exclude, as much as possible, all observation and cognizance of any thing that may tend to prevent either old or young from concluding, and concluding with the utmost confidence, that Dissenters are a very—very bad set of people. Whatever seems to strengthen such a conclusion is brought out with an iteration that never wearies, and seems as though it never would end; while every thing of an opposite tendency is as studiously forgotten or suppressed. On the other hand we trace a further cause of the singular fact adverted to, in the disposition evinced by many Dissenters to bestow their patronage on the works of pious Churchmen, to the neglect of works, possessing equal, or perhaps greater, intrinsic merit, as emanating from able and good men of their own communion."

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NEW YORK PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—We learn that the Trustees of the Public Schools' Society have published an address to the public, stating the deplorable fact that there are nearly twenty thousand indigent children, whose parents will not take the trouble to have them taught to read or write. So reluctant are many vicious and degraded parents to have their children educated, that the Common Council seriously entertain the plan of not bestowing their charities on those who will not have their children taught.

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RELIGIOUS ANNIVERSARIES IN BOSTON.—The anniversary week has passed away with great spirit, and much to the satisfaction of the numerous friends who were assembled from all parts of the country. We cannot at this late hour enter into any statement of what has been said and done. Suffice it, that the public meetings were well attended, the speeches full of animation and faith, the tea drinkings in Berry Street full of cordiality and brotherly love, and the whole temper of the brethren towards each other and toward the great cause, generous, enlarged and hopeful. If we might take these for the real "signs of the times," the prospects of the future are most encouraging. We wish that some of the stirring and solemn eloquence to which we have been

listening, could be transferred to our pages to quicken and delight our friends at a distance who were unable to enjoy it in person. Upon the whole the year has so begun, that we have reason to "thank God and take courage."

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SWITZERLAND.—Abolition of the Helvetic Confession of Faith.—This Confession, drawn up in the year 1536, which was approved by Luther and subscribed for three centuries, was abolished by a decree of the majority of the Grand Council of the Canton de Vaud, Jan. 23, 1839. The act has caused deep lamentations and outcries amongst the soi-disant Evangelical party. The following extract of a letter from Dr. Cæsar Malan, of Geneva, appears in the Record of Feb. 18:—"A happier result had been hoped in this city (Lausanne), where the contagious poison of a neighbouring city, fallen from her ancient faith, has appeared to be repelled. The Church of Geneva had abolished this same Confession in the last century, but she did it secretly. Lausanne had protested against this defection on many occasions—especially when her pastors refused to participate in the Genevese Jubilee of the Reformation in 1835—and behold! the same blow that Rationalism struck in Geneva at the Reformed Confession, that is to say, at the truth of salvation by grace, is even struck in Lausanne!"

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ORDINATIONS.—The Rev. Horatio Wood, formerly of Walpole, N. H. was installed as Pastor of the First Congregational Society in Tyngsborough, Mass., on Wednesday, the 8th of May. Sermon by the Rev. A. P. Peabody of Portsmouth.

The Rev. Linus H. Shaw, late of Townsend, was installed at Hampton Falls, N. H. on the 8th of May. Sermon by the Rev. J. Thompson of Salem, Mass.

Mr. Theodore H. Dorr, of the Cambridge Theological School, was ordained at Billerica on Tuesday, May 28. Sermon by the Rev. Alexander Young of Boston.

Mr. William Henry Channing was ordained pastor of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church in Cincinnati, Ohio, on Friday, May 10. Sermon by the Rev. Frederick A. Farley of Providence, Rhode Island.

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DEDICATION.—The church recently erected by the Second Congregational Unitarian Society in New York was dedicated on Thursday, May 2d. It is called *The Church of the Messiah*. Sermon by the pastor, the Rev. Orville Dewey. The amount of the sale of pews at auction the next week was about \$70,000; and others have since been sold. Cost of the church \$96,000.